AN: Yes! It's time for a brand-new series of *Poison*! TPYMK and Sarafina are back for thirteen more doses of death, drugs and darkness. This is rated M, folks, so it's not for the faint of heart. But if you're a fan of the first series, then you knew that already. So, without further ado, I give you the first story!

Poison

Clean Sweep

"Can I go yet?"

Detective Bora leaned back in his seat, frowning at the scumbag who was sat across the table in front of him. He knew how much trouble that this individual could cause. He was a threat to the city. Hell, maybe even the world.

"How old are you, Moto?"

The cub stared at Bora in disbelief. "How old am I?" He narrowed his eyes. "Jeez, man – I don't know. I can't even remember how many hours are in a day anymore. Why you gotta make these questions so hard?"

"Bit young to be a classic Sumu addict, aren't you?" Bora asked, raising an eyebrow. He examined a paper on his desk. "The toxicology report tells me that you must use it at least nine times a day. You've got pure poison running through your veins. Right now."

"Hey, I need something to get me through the day," Moto said, resting his forepaws on the table. He glanced around the interrogation room. "And this place is making me queasy; you're gonna have to let me have a hit or something."

"You're not getting anything," Bora said firmly. "Not until you tell me your involvement with the Sumu trade."

"I ain't got no involvement," Moto replied. "I just use the stuff; I don't sling it. That wouldn't be very Christian."

Bora snickered. "And neither is killing yourself," he retorted. "I know full well that you were involved with the dealers. You didn't just buy from them… I bet you used to 'shoot up' with them, if you catch my drift."

"I'm saying nothing until my lawyer gets here," Moto said.

"You don't have a lawyer."

"Well, we'll be waiting for a while, then."

"I've got another criminal who's willing to testify against you," Bora told him. "And if he does, then you'll be in jail within a week."

"What do you mean?" Moto asked. "Is he… big?"

Bora nodded slowly. "Oh, yeah," he said. "He's big. I've got him in custody right now."

Moto sighed, resting his head on his forepaws. "Damn it…"

"In fact, I'll take a little walk," Bora said, getting up from his seat. "Go see how he's doing. I'm sure he'd love to meet you."

Bora left the room, closing the door behind him. He walked down a short hallway outside, before coming to a stop at a small prison cell. It was unguarded. The person inside wouldn't get out, however. The iron bars surrounding him would make sure of that.

"He's not too happy to hear about you," Bora said, walking over to the prisoner. "In fact, I'd say he's as guilty as sin. Just like you."

The person inside the cell was facing away from Bora, sitting down on an uncomfortable-looking plastic chair, staring at the wall.

"Any time you want to confess, just say," Bora said. "I know that you had something to do with it. Testify against Moto – like I told him you would – and good things can happen for you."

The person in the cell turned around, staring into Bora's eyes.

It was Detective TPYMK.

"So when I can get out of here?"

24 Hours Earlier…

"Jerkoff."

TPYMK scowled at Sarafina, as they stood in the driveway of a rather normal-looking house. It was nestled away in a quiet cul-de-sac, free from disturbance, trouble, and drug-dealing scumbags for whom murder was a frequent option.

"Jerkoff," Sarafina repeated again.

"Yes, I heard you the first time," TPYMK retorted. "Can I ask *why* you're calling me a 'jerkoff'?"

"This is the same house as the last one," Sarafina said, neglecting to mention that it looked totally different from the previous house that TPYMK had purchased. "Can you get any more boring?"

"I'm not forcing you to stay here," TPYMK said. "And just where did you think I was going to buy a house?"

"I don't know," Sarafina shrugged. "On a… a mountaintop or something. How about a penthouse? I can dig that."

"Oh, you can 'dig that', can you?" TPYMK said. He sighed, staring up at the house. "We're staying here. I don't want to attract any more attention."

"I think we've attracted enough attention over the past few weeks," Sarafina said.

"Don't remind me."

The events of the previous weeks had been burned into TPYMK and Sarafina's minds. After meeting Sarafina one night at a drug-fuelled party in the jungle, she had joined the detective in his quest to take down the Sumu empire built by Death. A drug addict herself, Sarafina wasn't exactly the most helpful of partners. However, she had since recovered from using illegal substances, and was now clean. Well, as clean as someone like her could get.

The empire had finally crumbled in a tense fight, with TPYMK and Sarafina narrowly emerging as the victors. Death was dead – ironically – and the detective had made sure that all the Sumu he could get his hands on was burnt to a crisp. Nothing could be left over.

"On the bright side, I don't think anyone's gonna try and kill us here," Sarafina said, craning her neck to look at the other houses. "Unless that old lady cutting her hedge is packing a machine gun or something."

"Let's just get inside," TPYMK said, walking up the driveway. "I've had enough of guns to last me a lifetime."

Dipping his hand into his pocket, he pulled out a key, stopping at the doorstep. He peered through the glass, before using the key and opening the door.

"This is gonna suck," Sarafina complained, as the detective walked into the house.

She followed him in, frowning at the wooden flooring. "It's all wood in here," she said, sniffing the air. "Smells like—"

"A new house?" TPYMK finished for her. "Look, Sarafina, if you want, you can find a place of your own."

"I don't have any money, though."

"Then shut up." TPYMK headed down the passageway, entering the living room.

"Jerkoff," Sarafina muttered, joining him.

The living room was spacious, with a tall ceiling and plenty of light shining through the windows. A couple of sofas and a table had been set up in the middle of the room, along with a medium-sized TV. It looked pleasant enough.

"Well…" Sarafina leapt onto the sofa, stretching out her legs. "I know where I'm sleeping."

"Sarafina, this is just the lounge," TPYMK told her. "You've got your own room."

Sarafina's eyes widened. She sat upright. "You got me a room?"

TPYMK nodded.

"Oh, yes!" Sarafina exclaimed, punching the air with a paw. "That's what I'm talkin' about! I don't have to sleep on any of those stupid sofas anymore."

"I figured it was the least I could do," TPYMK said, sitting down beside her. "And since you're sticking around, I suppose you had better feel at home – even if you don't like it that much."

"Maybe I can… adjust," Sarafina said, touched by the gesture. She had been expecting a lifetime of sleeping on the sofa. Even when they had checked into a hotel room while TPYMK looked for a house to buy, she had been consigned to the sofa. She hadn't slept in a room since she was a little girl – and that had been a very long time ago. "Yeah. That's the word. Adjust."

"I hope so," TPYMK replied, leaning back against the faux leather of the sofa. "I don't see us living anywhere else."

"It's not so bad," Sarafina said, staring down at the floor. "At least I have you. I mean, you may be a total butthole, but you're still my friend, I guess."

"Thank you, Sarafina," TPYMK said, rising from the sofa. He turned towards the kitchen, which was located through an open archway. "Do you want a drink?"

"What've you got?" Sarafina asked.

"Water," TPYMK answered bluntly. "I'll go to the store later and pick up something for dinner. I know you like that chocolate milk, too. Do you want some water?"

"Better than weed," Sarafina remarked, lying back down on the sofa as TPYMK walked into the kitchen. She glanced at the TV, before finding the remote on the table and switching it on.

The blaring sound effects of a news channel sounded instantly, causing Sarafina to sigh in response. *I hate these goddamn channels,* she thought. *Isn't there a cartoon on or something?*

Just as she was about to switch over to the Disney Channel, Sarafina's attention was drawn to the report that was on the screen.

"*Sources say that the cause of the fire is unknown…*"

Sarafina's eyes boggled at the screen. She turned up the volume on the TV, watching as the camera showed an overhead view of a massive fire.

The burning pile of Sumu.

"*The blaze has since been put out, yet the hunt for the two suspects is still an ongoing affair. Forensics reports have revealed that a former police detective, ThatPersonYouMightKnow, had been present at the fire when it started.*"

Oh, my God, Sarafina thought, her jaw dropping open as a picture of TPYMK appeared on the top right corner of the screen. *He never changes that hat…*

"*The other suspect has still yet to be revealed. Paw prints are slightly harder to analyse than that of the virtually extinct humans, but—*"

Sarafina switched off the TV with a flick of her claw. She didn't want to see anything more. It was obvious to her now what was going on.

The police were after her and TPYMK. Evidently, the destruction of the Sumu empire had only raised more questions amongst the authorities. She could only wonder if she and TPYMK could go to prison for their actions… but they had done a good thing, right? They couldn't possibly—

Tap-tap-tap!

Sarafina jolted in fright as a sudden banging on the front door was heard. That wasn't just paranoia kicking in – she had been off drugs for quite a while now – but it was genuine fear.

TPYMK walked back into the living room, carrying two glasses of water. "Here's your—" He stopped midsentence when he heard the knocking on the door. "Who the hell is that?"

"I don't know," Sarafina said. Her voice caught in her throat. She wanted to tell TPYMK about what she had seen on the news, but she didn't know how. "Look… I… I…"

"What?" TPYMK asked, giving her a funny look as he walked down the passageway, heading for the front door.

He pulled it open, and was immediately greeted by a gruff-looking lion. "Who the hell are you?"

"Detective Bora, HPD," the lion said. "I'd like you to come with me, sir."

"Why—"

"You got a warrant?" Sarafina asked, poking her nose into the situation.

"I don't need a warrant," said Bora. He pointed at TPYMK. "This man is wanted in connection with the destruction of a Sumu lab."

"Look, I'm a detective myself," TPYMK said, placing a hand against his chest. "I did what I had to do to destroy the empire."

"As of recent times, your employment has been terminated," Bora said. "You don't just go blowing up buildings whenever you feel like it. You're a criminal, and I'm taking you in."

"You can't do that!" Sarafina protested.

"You got something to say as well?" Bora asked. Sarafina said nothing, clamping her jaw shut. "That's what I thought." He looked at TPYMK. "You can worry about your prostitute later, TPYMK. Come on. Time to go."

"*Prostitute*?" Sarafina exclaimed, ready to pounce at him. "You goddamn—"

"I'll arrest you for insulting an officer, too, if you don't shut your trap," Bora snapped.

"Sarafina, it's okay," TPYMK assured her. "Just wait here. I'll be back."

"We'll see about that," Bora said with a cruel sneer.

"Don't lie to me!" Bora yelled, slamming his forepaws down on the table. "I know you had something to do with Death!"

"Yeah, I did," TPYMK said, leaning back in his chair. He was stuck in the darkness of an interrogation room, with only Detective Stupid for company. "I was investigating his involvement in the drug business."

"Why didn't you file an official report with the police department, then?" Bora asked. "You're a loose cannon, TPYMK. I think you're unstable. Like a ticking time bomb, ready to go off at any second."

"Are you on drugs?" TPYMK asked. "Because all I'm hearing is complete and utter stupidity."

"I wouldn't be surprised if you were a user yourself," Bora sniffed.

"Oh, yeah – the guy who ended the Sumu empire is a drug addict," TPYMK said sarcastically. "You should be giving me a medal right now. Instead, you shove me in this… hellhole and try to make it look like I'm some kind of a criminal."

"Well, you're no longer a detective, TPYMK," Bora said, "and blowing up a Sumu lab could get you in a lot of trouble."

"How?"

"Well, we don't know why you did it," said Bora. "For all we know, you could be part of a rival drug gang. Death was the biggest supplier of Sumu in this area; it's the perfect motive for you to finish him off."

"Put me on a lie detector," TPYMK demanded. "Then you'll know I'm telling the truth."

"I'm not wasting my budget on you," Bora said. "You're guilty as sin, and I bet once we find whoever your partner was in this scheme, then—"

The phone on the desk suddenly started to ring. Bora picked up the receiver. "Hello? Yeah… I know… What? You got him? So you think he's a dealer… Interesting… Yeah…"

TPYMK watched with curiosity as Bora talked on the phone.

"Yeah… Okay… Bring him in… I doubt I'm gonna get anything out of this jizz stain, so…"

TPYMK raised an eyebrow. *'Jizz stain'?*

"Okay… Bye." Bora put the phone down, staring at TPYMK. "Looks like one of Death's dealers has been picked up. Heh. A Death dealer. How apt. You like a few murders yourself, don't you?"

TPYMK said nothing.

"So when can I get out of here?"

Bora narrowed his eyes at TPYMK. "What, you think I'm just gonna let you go so you can blow up more people? No way. You're going down, Detective – unless you can tell testify against that piece of dirt we've got in there."

"So if I testify against this… dealer," TPYMK asked, "then you'll let me go?"

"Yep," Bora said, smiling. "Good, isn't it?"

"Why the sudden shift in interest?" TPYMK wondered. "I thought your main interest was me?"

"I'm more interested in catching all of Death's dealers rather than the guy who killed him," Bora said. "The sooner we get those no-hopers off the street, the better. I wanna do a clean sweep. And I don't see why it's any of your concern."

"Because it was my investigation!" TPYMK snapped.

"Yeah, right," Bora laughed. "Well, not anymore."

"You know, you look an awful lot like a bartender I saw once," TPYMK pointed out.

"My brother is a bartender," Bora said. "We're identical twins. Why? Did you try to sell him meth?"

"Screw you," TPYMK said.

"So, are you gonna testify against him or what?" Bora asked. "It's a one-time offer. No second chances. It's either that or a long-term jail sentence."

TPYMK thought for a moment. Then he spoke.

"Let me see him."

TPYMK and Bora watched Moto through the glass outside the interrogation room. The cub was twitching; clearly, he was suffering from withdrawal symptoms after going without drugs for a little while.

"That's him," Bora said. "Bet you anything he was dealing two or three pounds of the stuff a day."

I don't know him, TPYMK thought, *but I bet that Sarafina does.*

Sarafina had been known to have quite an active relationship with her fellow drug users – in more ways than one – and TPYMK was pretty certain that she knew this cub. Maybe he was one of her old dealers… Maybe not. He wouldn't know until he talked to her, though.

"What's his name?" TPYMK asked.

"You don't know him?"

"Oh, I do," TPYMK assured him. "It's just that… he went by a pseudonym. He called himself 'Juice'."

"Oh, I bet he did," Bora chuckled. "Shot a lot of juice when he couldn't find anyone to sleep with."

"But yeah," TPYMK said, folding his arms. "I'll testify against him."

"Good," Bora said, showing a satisfied smile. "Looks like we can set you free, then. And you can go back to boning your little housemaid."

And, for the first time in his life, TPYMK felt like punching a police officer.

"There you are!"

Sarafina leapt up from her chair in the waiting room, throwing her forepaws around TPYMK in a hug. "I thought they were gonna keep you in that mud pit for ever."

She soon realised that she was coming across as being too affectionate, so she released him from the hug, chuckling nervously.

"Well, they didn't," TPYMK said. "We have a problem, though."

"A problem?" Sarafina asked. "What problem?"

TPYMK glanced at the waiting room of the police department. A few animals were sat in the chairs, staring into space and reading old magazines. A few officers were working at a nearby desk, too.

"Let's go outside," TPYMK suggested.

"Outside?" said Sarafina.

"Yeah. Come on. We'll have more privacy there."

Once they were outside in the parking lot, TPYMK quickly explained what had happened while he was being interrogated.

"And they have this cub in there," TPYMK told her. "A dealer of some sort. I don't know what his name was, though."

"What did he look like?" Sarafina asked.

"Brown fur, blue eyes," TPYMK said.

"Moto?" Sarafina said, narrowing her eyes in confusion.

"So that's his name," TPYMK said. "Moto. He looked just about as scummy as you would expect him to. Did you know him?"

"I guess you could say that..." Sarafina said, an embarrassed expression crossing her face. "He wasn't a dealer, though. Just some stoner."

"They want me to testify against him," TPYMK revealed. "And that's why we have a problem."

"Why?" said Sarafina.

"Because if I talk, then he's going to talk," TPYMK said. "You sold drugs to him, right? That time when you were Death's dealer, yes?"

Sarafina thought back to that time and scowled. "Yeah," she said, although she didn't like to admit it. "I might have sold him some weed or something."

"And he'll tell the cops all about you," TPYMK said. "Anything to get himself a lighter sentence. I mean, it's inevitable."

"And what happens to me?" Sarafina said.

"Well, that's it," TPYMK said. "You go down for being a Sumu dealer. Life imprisonment, I should imagine."

"Oh, God…" Sarafina doubted that Moto would lie about her involvement in the Sumu trade. She had been a dealer herself for a brief stint, even though it had very nearly crushed her emotionally. They would throw her straight into a cell for her actions. "You're right."

"It's a big problem," TPYMK said. "And I don't want you getting arrested. You've done far too many good things to just rot in jail for the rest of your life."

"Then… then what do we do?" Sarafina asked, staring up at TPYMK with desperate eyes.

TPYMK stared back at her.

"We have to kill Moto."

AN: What a note to end on! I loved writing for those characters once more. TPYMK and Sarafina just seem to go so well together. It looks like they'll have to cooperate smoothly if they want to stay out of trouble. So… will they kill Moto? I'm sure you'll speculate on this in your reviews…